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The Icelandic Canadian

Vol. XVIII No. 2

Winnipeg, Canada

Winter 1959

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THE ICELANDIC CANADIAN

A quarterly published by The Icelandic Canadian Club, Winnipeg, Man.

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Subscription rates—\$1.50 per year; in Iceland 40 kr. Single copies—40 cents.

Representative in Iceland— Frú Ólöf Sigurðard., 26C Vesturgötu, Reykjavík, Sími 11812

Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.



CHRISTMAS 1959

In the year 1959 we celebrate Christmas and marvel at the man-made machine that reached the moon. Christmas is a time for lighting candles of good cheer, human warmth and spiritual values; the moonshot is a manifestation of the triumphs of the human mind, or brain.

The development of the human mind down through the ages has been spectacular. This has been evidenced by the first kindling of fire and the first planting of seed, by the harnessing of steam and electricity, and by the invention of the aeroplane and the electronic brain. Scientists have calculated the distance in miles to the sun, the age in millions of years of earth strata, and sketched a universe with a multitude of galaxies, with light travelling a million years in space, from a star that may have become extinct. The mind of man has unfolded some of the secrets of the atom, and planned the atomic reactor. Today's great wonders of technological advance are the moon-rocket and the man-made satellites in orbit around the earth.

These are marvellous achievements, staggering to the imagination, but there is a tragedy involved, shockingly illustrated by the blotting out of a city by an atom bomb, and the invention of the intercontinental atomic missile. Some of these inventions of the mind of man are like the jet plane X-15 that travelled faster and faster beyond the sound barrier until it was going twice the speed of sound—they the signals suddenly ceased on the listening ear. At that speed, one slip meant disaster. The same applies to our civilization today. One slip can mean disaster. The future of the human race depends on the sovereignty of spiritual values. Spiritual and moral values must guide the leaders of the civilization that has evolved the guided intercontinental missile. Otherwise, we face the certainty of universal catastrophe.

The human race has from time immemorial reached out for spiritual truths. Fundamental spiritual and moral values proclaimed by Christ two thousand years ago, and by others long before his time, have not been improved on since. They have been an ideal to live up to but not very widely lived up to. And all times there has been a rise and fall and rise again in religious life. In our day in countries whose leaders have termed religion an opiate of the people, religion has gained a new vitality. The smouldering fires when trampled down have burst into a clearer, brighter flame.

The teachings of Christ two thousand years ago, peace on earth and good will to men, the brotherhood of man, must be reinforced in their application today, in our dawning atomic and space age, and we are deeply thankful, Christmas 1959, that many leaders of our One World are desperately trying to guide its course in this direction.—W. Kristjanson

THE SILVER HOARD FROM CAULVERJABÆR

By Kristján Eldjárn

Translated by TRYGGVI J. OLESON and HEIMIR THORGRIMSON*

Among the most common human failings would seem to be the urge to bury treasure underground. It is recorded in Landnáma that one of the noblest Icelandic settlers, Ketilbjörn the Old of Mosfell in Grímsnes, took his silver up a mountain and concealed it so well that it could not again be found, and similar stories are told from modern times. To this day the belief in treasure trove is firmly held by many, and weird actions have followed from this belief. Rev. Brynjólfur Guðmundsson relates, in a report (from 1818) on archaeological finds, for example, the following: "It is said that Jólgeir, who was the first to settle at Jólgeirsstaðir . . . is entombed east of the croft called Sel. He is said to have sunk his money chest into the fen east of the croft, but to have promised that the first boy to be given his name in baptism would find the treasure and enjoy it. For this reason, a few years ago a certain couple (at Áshóll) wished to name their infant son Jólgeir, but the pastor then in charge, who is now dead, prevented this because he considered the name a heathen one."

Of the pervasiveness of this belief in hidden treasure our folk tales furnish ample proof. They tell of misers, who buried their gold and silver in their lifetime so that they might have the pleasure of fondling it in the life to come. Above these buried treasures on dark nights flicker the blue flames variously known as *haugeldar*, *málmeldar* and *vafurlogar* (all fires indicating the location of buried coins). Perhaps this popular conception may be explained as being the dream fantasy of the poor about gold and precious stones, the wishful hope of the destitute that they may one day unexpectedly find the pot of gold. However that may be it is certainly true that many men of old followed Ketilbjörn's example, although few were as fortunate as he in selecting a hiding place. Many a farmer in Scandinavia has unexpectedly beheld the gleam of silver coins turned up by his ploughshare and forthwith brought that day's ploughing to an end. The incredibly large collections of old silver coins, now in Scandinavian museums, have their origin in such finds. In our country there is nothing comparable. Iceland is a vast and sparsely settled country and it is small wonder that but a few of the treasures that may have been

* From Kristján Eldjárn, *Gengið á reka*, Akureyri, 1948, pp. 83-95.

committed to the earth in olden days have so far come to light The only real silver hoard of which we may boast is the one that will now be briefly described.

On 20th of June 1930 some men from Árnessýsla were busy extending the boundaries of the churchyard at Gaulverjabær. In the course of their work they took earthfill from a small hillock in the tún south of the church yard. While engaged in this digging the spade of one of the diggers turned up a horde of silver coins. He at once cried out to the man next to him, "Look here, John!" They began to pick up the coins of which they found a great number, the majority being about the same size in diameter as the Icelandic tvíeyringur (about the size of a Canadian twenty five cent piece) but thinner. The coins lay about a metre below the level of the sward. The Curator of the National Museum was now notified and he proceeded to explore the site. It appeared to him that this hoard had been placed in a round wooden utensil, now so rotted as to be scarcely discernible, and buried near a small out-building, which probably had been a common smithy or one used for the smelting of iron. No more coins were found, but those already discovered were removed to the National museum.

A closer examination revealed that the coins were 360 in number, but that not all were whole. Their combined weight is 495.81 gr. or a little over a pound by English weight. They appear to be made of good silver, but some are much worn and others bent as if bitten or pitted with sharp points—both common methods of testing the purity of silver in olden days. One picks up coin after coin at random and attempts to read the inscriptions

on those that shine the brightest. On one side can be read ÆDEL RÆD REX ANGLORUM, and on the other side GODRIC, ÆLFRIC, ÆDELSTAN, SUMERLIDA or names of others who minted the coins together with the name of the city in which they worked, London, York or some other English city. There can be no doubt that these are English coins from the reign of the English king Æthelred dating from or about the year 1000. On still other coins that are less well preserved we read the name OTTO REX and conjecture that this may have been Otto of Saxony who, *Heimskringla* tells us, waged war with Harold Bluetooth of Denmark late in the tenth century. No further proof is necessary—these silver coins are a treasure from the early days of our settlement. Inscribed on them are the names of kings known from the records of the Viking Age and we prepare to examine each coin separately the better to grasp the tale unfolded by this unique find.

It is soon apparent that the collection is a most varied one In the hoard are Arabian or Mohammedan, German, English, Irish, Swedish and Danish coins.

We examine the Mohammedan coins first and they turn out to be five in number. These coins are known as "Kufic mint" because they carry inscriptions in the so-called Kufic script, which derives its name from the city of El-Kufa, southwest of Baghdad. These coins have come the farthest and are the oldest, indeed three of them are fragmentary, and all are much worn by their travels from hand to hand and land to land. Their inscriptions are barely legible and in one case quite indecipherable. Of the other four, one dates from the time of the Caliph El-Mutamid al-Allah, one

from the time of El-Mutadid billah, one from the time of El-Muqtadir billah, all Caliphs of the Abbasid dynasty, whose capital was Bagdad. The fourth coin was minted for the Persian Samanid Nasr ibn Ahmed, who along with other members of his house ruled from Bukhara. All these pieces are large silver coins of the *dirhem* type (a corrupt form of the Greek *drachma*). The oldest dates from the year 256 of the Hegira, which corresponds to the year 869-870 A.D., and is the oldest coin in the hoard from Gaulverjabær. It was minted and began to circulate at the very time the first Norsemen were preparing to leave their homeland to settle in Iceland. A long time passed before its travels ended at Gaulverjabær, and we will return to its adventures.

These Kufic coins are mavericks who have continued their wanderings long after the rest of the herd has been rounded up. They have passed from hand to hand for many years after the bulk of their kind went out of circulation. Arabic silver coins are not rare in Scandinavia. They have been found there by the thousands, become the more numerous the farther east one travels, and are found in greatest numbers in Gothland. They date from the years ca. 700-1000, but the greatest majority are from the first half of the tenth century. The reason for the great flood of these eastern coins to the northern lands is obvious. In the ninth century Swedes who were both enterprising and adventurous began to make their way to the part of Russia called **Garðariki** where they soon became known by the name of Rus, which rapidly became the collective term in the East for all Scandinavians. They were also called Varangians. About the middle of the

century Rurick and his brothers conquered the regions around the source of the Volga and founded there a state whose capital they called **Hólmgarður**, present day Novgorod. Their descendants added new territories and took the city of Kiev on the Dnieper in 882. This new state became the centre of much intercourse, both peaceful and warlike, between the Northmen and the East Roman Empire whose capital was the fabulous city of Constantinople or **Mikligarður**. It became the goal of the Norse warriors. Every summer the Norsemen sailed from the state of Garðar down the Dnieper to the great cities of the South. The majority were merchants with their wares, but some were Viking bands bent on plunder or young, adventurous spirits who desired to join the imperial battalions, a practice that soon became common among the Norsemen. These Norse and Russian merchants were not, however, satisfied to deal only with the Byzantine Empire. They were also attracted by the lands of the Mohammedans, the Caliphate. From the centre of Russia they sailed down the Volga and encountered Arabic merchants who had sailed up the river from the Caspian Sea, eager to obtain the wares of the Norsemen, furs, wool, down, train-oil, etc. In return for these goods they gave minted silver coins, and in this way thousands and thousands of coins made their way north. These coins passed through the state of Garðar to Scandinavia where they became a familiar medium of exchange in the first half of the tenth century. They bear witness to peaceful intercourse between widely separated peoples, profitable to all parties. The coins from Gaulverjabær are only a small spark from this Arabic monetary

(Continued on page 37)

Trek from Thingvalla, Saskatchewan to Lake Manitoba, in 1893

By S. B. OLSON

The spring of the year 1893 saw the evacuation of about seventy-five per cent of the settlers of the Thingvalla settlement in eastern Saskatchewan, a few miles northeast of the village of Churchbridge. This move was made as a result of trying conditions caused by drought and summer frost, a condition that had been developing for the past two or three years. Then, to top everything else, came the seven-month winter of 1892-93. The patience and endurance of many of the settlers became exhausted. Some moved to Foam Lake and its vicinity, in Saskatchewan, many went east, to the west shore of Lake Manitoba. My people were among those who went to Lake Manitoba.

In the early morning of a clear, sunshiny day in the first week of September, 1893, a middle-aged man and two teen-aged boys headed southeast over the open prairie. They were leaving the Thingvalla settlement. Their immediate destination was the small town of Millwood, in Manitoba, situated near the banks of the Shell River, and their ultimate destination was the Lakeland settlement, on the shores of Lake Manitoba, some two hundred miles to the southeast of Thingvalla.

The middle-aged man was Jon Gudmundsson. He had arrived from Iceland about three years before. The two boys were Maris Johnson, also a recent arrival, and myself, a comparative old-

timer, for I had come to Canada in 1878.

We were taking a small herd of cattle including milch cows and young stock, some forty head in all. At Millwood we would be joined by Thorvald Kolbeinsson, from Qu'Appelle Valley with some dozen head of cattle.

My father, Bjorn Olafson (Olson) had preceded us in May to Lakeland. With him went Einar (Jonson) Sudfjord, one of the first settlers in Thingvalla. My sister, Gudny, was teaching at the Thingvalla school that summer. Therefore, it had been decided that Mother and the rest of the family, the year old Doddi and the five year old Sumarlidi, would stay until school was closed. The cattle, however, were to go while the grazing was good.

As we three trudged along, herding the cattle over the endless prairie, little was said. We felt a strong sense of relief, tinged with sadness, at leaving the district where strenuous effort had led only to discouraging results. That was the end of seven years of homesteading in Saskatchewan. Now hopes for the future were centred on the district called Lakeland, near the western shore of Lake Manitoba, about twelve miles north of the town of Westbourne on the Manitoba and Northwestern Railway.

When Father arrived there in May he made a deal with a Mr. Allbright for a quarter-section of land half

mile from the lake shore. He traded a team of horses, with harness and wagon, for a clear title to the land. By this token my father became the first Icelandic settler and landowner on the west shore of Lake Manitoba.

After building a fair-sized cabin, with log walls and sod roof, Father obtained a job at the Henderson Ranch one mile to the north of his new place. His employment was at building a shed and haymaking. The foreman of the ranch was Joseph H. Metcalfe, an Englishman of fine character and with a pleasant personality and highly educated.

We now turn to the little village of Millwood, where we three from Thingvalla met Thordur Kolbeinson on the appointed day. We made camp for the night. We slept soundly, after a long day of travel. Early next morning we were up and around, eager to continue the long journey and meet whatever lay ahead on the road that was new to us all.

The cattle behaved very well and we crossed the little bridge over the Shell River without mishap. We passed through the village, up the steep slopes of the valley on the far side, and found ourselves on the level prairie leading in the general direction of the town of Binscarth.

Thordur Kolbeinson, being the owner of the oxen and wagon, became the recognized leader of the expedition. It was agreed that we would take turns in pairs driving the herd and riding in the wagon. Maris and I were together. This would have been a very satisfactory arrangement if carried out with equal time for each shift, but I am quite certain that my chum and I trudged longer periods and had shorter resting spells than the two old cronies, who seemed to forget themselves and

everything around them while reminiscing about all the interesting things that had happened to them in the old country. However, to grumble was useless. We were reminded that we were young and light of foot and it should be fun for us to follow the cattle in splendid weather such as we were having.

So we tramped endlessly over the country, crossing valleys, dipping down from the level prairie into the steep-sided valleys, then a long stretch of prairie, sometimes dotted with good-sized poplar bluffs, where the animals at first gave us a certain amount of trouble as they scattered among the trees. After the first day, however, the herd became trained to follow the wagon and gave us little trouble. Mile after mile was left behind without incident and hours of strain were succeeded by hours of monotonous progress.

During the long silences my thoughts would stray back to the old homestead which we had left behind, where I had spent seven years of my youth, sometimes in pleasant association of boys and girls of my own age, in school or at play, sometimes with weary days of hard work that left me so utterly exhausted that I lost all interest in my surroundings and brought on a feeling of hopelessness and depression, and the longing to steal away, to lie down and never to get up again. However, waking up each morning to a glorious sunrise and being greeted with a chorus of a hundred voices coming from feathered friends in a nearby poplar bluff lifted the spirits and renewed courage to face yet another day. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

Mother made all my clothes, also the rawhide slippers for everyday use. In the hot summer weather these would

shrink and harden, and they had to be soaked each evening.

When I was eleven years old my father worked on the railroad, then being extended to Yorkton, which became the end of steel for many years. That summer I worked for a short spell on the railroad as a water carrier. I carried the water in two buckets, nearly a mile, in the broiling sun, for a gang of about 150 men who worked ten hours a day. My wages were seventy-five cents a day. This work, however, proved too heavy for me and after some weeks I had to quit the job. My net income amounted to the huge sum of seven dollars, and for this sum I was allowed to buy a young ewe, for my very own. I was the proud owner of one sheep, the investment of my first earnings.

I attended the Thingvalla school, but only for short periods each summer, in the spring until haying time and again in the fall, after the busy season. The education I received during this oft interrupted school attendance as very limited. When I left school I had started on the Fifth or High School reader.

They were very happy, those school days. We had a wonderful teacher. Miss Gudny Jones (later Mrs. Magnus Paulson), who taught us not only the three R's but also on days when bad weather prevented out-door activities, would gather us older pupils around her during lunch hour and talk to us about various matters pertaining to everyday life, and give us useful instruction in human relationship, honesty, truthfulness, and other matters of character building.

The school term was six months, from May to October, inclusive. Miss Jones taught at our school three successive years, 1890-91-92. It was a sad

day that last day when she made her little farewell speech, and we knew that she would not be back again. All of us, big and little, shed tears, even the older boys, myself included. Unashamed, we showed our heartfelt emotions. School days! Happy memories! Do we ever forget them?

Now, on this seemingly endless monotonous trek, various incidents, some happy, or humorous, some even tragic, that occurred during the seven years that we dwelt on the homestead in the Thingvalla settlement, were vividly recalled, as we trudged in silence behind the herd.

The settlement was strictly Icelandic in every respect, the language, the mode of life, the neighborliness, the prevalent informality in greeting and addressing the neighbor, calling each other by the first name.

The reading matter was all from the old country, precious books of every description, including *Jon Vidalin Postilla*, *Kveldvökur* (Evening Watches), *Piltur og Stulka* (Young Man and Maid); also all the Icelandic sagas and *rímur* (ballads). The natural result therefore was that every young person was well versed in the language, in both reading and writing. Certainly all these books were read, some of them more than once.

The entertainments or social gatherings were few and far between, there being little talent that could be called on to entertain. A play was once attempted, *Hermann Glettur* (Soldier Pranks). This was well attended and proved quite a success.

The Dance of the Elves (*Álfadans*) was staged on New Year's Eve for two years in succession, to bid farewell to the old year and greet the new. This was performed on a fair sized sheet of ice, close to the Thingvalla school.

Nearly everyone, young and old, wore a costume and made a fantastic picture as they circled and danced around a huge bonfire on the ice, which threw a bright light on the scene, as well as providing a considerable amount of heat in the below zero weather.

We continued our journey in ideal weather, with balmy sunshine, and through ever-changing scenery. We crossed and recrossed the Assiniboine Valley, following the road that led through towns and villages along the Manitoba and Northwestern Railway. After Millwood, we passed through Binscarth, Birtle, Newdale and Basswood. There were places of rare beauty in the valley, particularly near Birtle and Binscarth. As we reached the prairie level, there was in one direction the range of hills with their green slopes and little clumps of trees and in the other, the river winding along at the bottom of the valley. This was wonderful scenery. In marked contrast, was the seemingly endless prairie, the unbroken, monotonous flatness on either side of the trail that we travelled, mile after mile.

Only twice during our seven years in the Thingvalla settlement, was the peaceful tenor of everyday life broken by tragic events. One was that of a woman who was gored by an ox and died from her injuries. She was near the time of having a child and by the remarkable, almost unbelievable skill of the midwife, Gudrun Gudmundsdottir, the child was saved and grew to become a woman and a mother. The other, an even more shocking tragedy, if that were possible, was that of a young girl who died from a gunshot wound. It would serve no good purpose to venture into details, or express an opinion in connection with this sad event. Let it suffice to say that it always

remained a mystery, never investigated and never solved: Here again, the midwife Gudrun Gudmundsdottir was hurriedly summoned, but her efforts were successful only in alleviating to a certain degree the agony of the dying girl. Two doctors were also summoned, by telegraph, Dr. Walker from Millwood, thirty miles away, and Dr. Patrick, from Saltcoats, twenty-two miles away, but neither one arrived in time. The suffering was ended, the life of the young girl was snuffed out.

This young girl had been quiet, well-mannered and well-behaved. She had been a maid in the home where the tragedy occurred. Every man, woman and child shared in the sorrow of the bereaved parents and family, and the whole settlement attended the burial service in the community graveyard. The Reverend Hafsteinn Pjetursson was the officiating minister, and in his quiet yet clear and distinct manner he delivered such a wonderful sermon that I have never heard the like, before or since. It was indeed a touching scene, that large gathering on the gentle slope, in the bright sunshine, everyone with head bowed in solemn reverence and last heartfelt farewell to the sweet, innocent young girl.

As we plodded along the road I had thoughts of a serious nature as regards my future in the new home. It seemed that I had reached a parting of the ways, away from the carefree days and the pleasant associations and friendships in our Thingvalla community. This was farewell to youth, and whether pleasant, difficult, exhausting, or frustrating, there was a feeling of sadness and a keen sense of loss. The future could only be guessed at. Before us, there was a strange district, strange people, everything different.

On the late afternoon of the eighth day we passed through the town of Gladstone and halted half a mile to the east. The weary animals all lay down, and the men also. We were all glad of the opportunity to stretch out on the ground in the warmth of the slanting rays of the afternoon sun. The railroad stretched to the south-east, as far as one could see.

After an hour's rest we continued on our way for about two miles, then turned left where the trail led in a north-easterly direction, until we reached the White Mud River, where we camped for the night. The river was low and when we started in the morning we had no difficulty in crossing.

The trail led eastward, across a wide bleak prairie, followed by heavy brush land and a rather rugged terrain.

We then became aware of a team of horses and a wagon coming up behind us at a steady trot. The driver turned out to be Fred Hill, whose home was in the Lakeside settlement. We had

eight or ten miles to go to the Henderson ranch, he said. He also told us that my father had already built a good-sized log cabin on his new farm. Fred Hill seemed sociable and friendly and expressed his pleasure at our moving in.

We continued our slow march and by mid-afternoon we reached our destination, the end of a nine day journey and a two-hundred mile trek. Father was busy shaping logs for a barn, but he hurried to meet us, and soon we were sitting down to a good nourishing meal, and good Icelandic coffee.

It was a happy gathering. The three men kept up a running conversation that seemed endless, talking about pioneering experiences. Maris and I soon left the others and took a good look at the surrounding country. There was a level stretch of low-lying meadow to the east, reaching to the shore of Lake Manitoba, less than a mile away. This was journey's end.

WINTER

Winter, a grim and surly patriarch,
Stern-visaged in his flowing beard of white,
Now brings to halt the labors of the year,
Arresting all alike that each may sleep
In hibernation or at slackened pace —
To gather strength and store up energy
For yet another lap of distance run.
He takes to spouse the daughter of the sun,
Big-bosomed Lady Summer whose "I do"
Ensures them progeny to nurse and rear —
The principle of Life in endless round.
Sternly regnant in his frigid way
He rules and disciplines with even hand
Till all are justly, properly amerced.

—Bogi Bjarnason

DESIGN FUNDAMENTALS

By DR. CAROL J. FELDSTED

An Appreciation
by Dr. J. P. PALSSON



Dr. Carol J. Feldsted

This remarkable work is written for art instruction in High Schools and Colleges, hence little known outside limited academic circles, and like any other "school book" is of no interest, if not unknown, to the average reader, unless he has examined it to discover that both author and publishers of Design Fundamentals have produced a volume which, to say the least, is unusual, if not unique, as manuals and textbooks go. That an old and highly respected publishing house bought the manuscript and seemingly spared no expense to bring it out in a handsome and costly edition, is in itself evidence of its worth. The venture could hardly have been undertaken for the sake of expected profits. But reputable publishers sometimes accept manuscripts of unusual merit, at the risk of taking a loss, to satisfy

a traditional prestige and pride in their literary judgement and craftsmanship. Perhaps that is the most plausible explanation for a near deluxe edition of Design Fundamentals.

Almost every day thousands who never received the most elementary instruction in the techniques and theory of the fine arts, visit art galleries and exhibitions, some out of mere curiosity, others in search of the artist's message left on canvas or in stone. The many, who leave these treasures of the spirit, confused and puzzled, would do well to read and probe the contents of Dr. Feldsted's book, before their next visit. Nor will it fail to impress any one, at one time or other engaged in teaching. The text is skillfully organized and illustrated, the language lucid, the lessons well defined "problems" in progressive, graduated sequence, from demonstrations by means of straight lines and dots to analysis of patterns in famous paintings. No less commendable is the author's objectivity in dealing with one of the most controversial subjects of the age—modern art. Not a word suggesting bias in favor of any one of the many "schools", isms and cults to be seen wherever widely representative art is exhibited. This aspect of the book almost places it in the category of texts on mathematics and physics; and the reader will sense, however vaguely, the alleged relationship between art and science.

Parenthetically, it might be suggested, that some of the millions of kodak carriers, would improve their photography, by familiarizing themselves with Design Fundamentals.

The book in itself is a notable achievement, and deserves an honoured place with the authors name in the pages of the Icelandic Canadian. That she is at present professor of Art at Princeton University is valid testimony

to her proficiency. As a creative artist, she is still unknown; but the writer of this sketchy comment is willing to go out on a limb, and predict that when, if ever, the paintings by Carol J. Feldsted—these realistic, yet reverent, studies in Light and Life—are publicly shown and evaluated, they will win her a place in sensitive souls, if not in halls of fame.

EDITORIAL NOTE:—Dr. Carol J. Feldsted was born in Winnipeg, November 30, 1918. She is a daughter of Eggert S. and Ninna Feldsted. Eggert, it will be recalled, was a well known jeweller in Winnipeg. He was really a jewel manufacturer or craftsman and for many years was in charge of the manufacturing plant of Dingwall's Ltd.

Carol took some of her undergraduate courses in Winnipeg and some in Chicago. The following is the Chicago record.

University of Chicago, Chicago, Illinois, 1941-42 (evenings)

Art Institute of Chicago, Chicago, Illinois, 1939-44—granted the degrees:

Bachelor of Art Education—1942

Bachelor of Fine Arts — 1942

Master of Fine Arts — 1945

Miss Feldsted's post-graduate studies and research work have been extensive:

Graduate:

New York University, New York, N.Y., 1944-47—History of Art

Columbia University, New York, N.Y., 1947-48 (summer) sculpture

University of California, Berkeley, Cal. 1950-52—History of Art.

Alliance Francaise, Paris, France—1954

—One month of two-hour classes every evening in French.

Sorbonne, University of Paris, Paris, France, 1953-54—Granted the title: Docteur de l'Université de Paris avec la mention très honorable.

Ecole des Beaux-Arts, Paris, France—One month in the summer painting and fine-stone cutting.

Research Experience:

Research in Nineteenth Century French Painting at the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris.

Between courses and research work Carol Feldsted taught History of Art and Practical Art. She has taught in all four Western Provinces and in California, both in universities and in colleges. In addition, she has taught French language and English literature. At present, between assignments she is taking a well earned holiday at her parents home, 4376 McKenzie St., Vancouver, B. C.

Miss Feldsted travelled for a year in Europe (1953-54) and she has a collection of black and white slides on Greek and Roman art as well as several hundred colored slides which she took of art monuments in Europe.



Sigridur Halldorsdottir, who carried Iceland's colours into the semi-finals last June in the Miss Universe Beauty Pageant in Long Beach, California, visits with a fellow countryman, **Peter Rognvaldsson** at Twentieth Century Movie Studios during the filming of "Journey to the Center of the Earth" based on the Jules Verne story and co-starring James Mason, Arlene Dahl and Pat Boone.

Peter, who is 6'4" and a versatile athlete, is dressed for his role of Hans, the Icelandic guide. He was discovered for this, his first movie part, while studying cinema arts and languages at the University of Southern California

and for his screen career is changing his name to Peter Ronson.

Since competing in the Miss Universe Beauty Pageant, 18-year-old, blonde, brown-eyed Miss Iceland has been studying English and movie and television techniques in Hollywood. She is already an accomplished stage actress under contract to the professional theatre in Reykjavik. In order to concentrate wholly on her dramatic studies for the next few months, she is moving into the famed Studio Club affiliated with the Young Women's Christian Association where many aspiring actresses live while trying to get a break in movie town.

—Rhuna Emery

TOM JOHNSON—Top Defence Hockey Player

It was not a flash in the pan when the Falcon Hockey Team—with one exception, all of Icelandic descent and born in Manitoba—won the first Olympic World Hockey Championship in 1920. It was rather a propitious concentration of Icelandic athletic ability, traceable to the Vikings of old, and fostered through centuries of struggle with the elements on an island in the North Atlantic. That innate athletic bent was bound to disperse and it has found expression in curling, basketball, and in track and field events, in all of which stars have arisen during the four score years Icelanders have been settled in North America.

Evidence of prowess on the hockey ice was first revealed in Cully Wilson—both parents Icelandic. Born and raised in Winnipeg, he started playing hockey early and in 1912–13, when still in his teens he joined the professional ranks in Toronto—one of the very first Winnipeg hockey players to play professional hockey. Cully was a leading professional hockey player for about twenty years both in the east and on the west coast. He has the singular distinction of having scored three goals in slightly more than one minute.

Space does not permit mention of the hockey players of the Falcon Hockey Club era, led by Frank Fredrickson, and later, in the juniors, led by Wally Fridfinnson.

Now once again that hockey prowess has burst forth in Tom Johnson of the Montreal Canadiens, the Stanley Cup winners of 1958–59 and the three preceding years.



Tom Johnson

Last spring Tom won the double distinction of being voted the best defence player in the National Hockey League, and being awarded the James Norris Memorial Trophy as the regular defence player "who demonstrates throughout the season the greatest all-round ability in that position." To win these laurels with a championship team at the height of its glory is a great achievement.

Thomas Johnson was born in Baldur, Manitoba in 1928. He is a son of the late Thomas Johnson, who was a good athlete, excelling in curling. An uncle to Tom Johnson Sr. was the late Hon. Thomas H. Johnson, the

first Icelander to hold a cabinet position in a provincial government. He served both as Minister of Public Works and as Attorney-General in the Norris Government 1915-1922.

Tom's widowed mother, Dora, is a daughter of the late John and Sigridur Landy. Her grandmother, Gudny Landy, emigrated from Iceland, a widow with three children, in 1875. She homesteaded in the Argyle District in Manitoba in 1881, and laid the foundation for one of the outstanding farm homes in that district—a noble and heroic woman in the best tradition of the Sagas and the pioneers of Canada.

Young Tom inherited his father's steady hand and keen eye for curling. In fact in 1944, when he was only fifteen years old he skipped the rink that won the Manitoba Junior Championship, while his father won one of the curling events in the Winnipeg bonspiel. At the same time Shirley, Tom's sister, won a science scholarship to go to Queen's University.

When Tom Jr. was 18 years old his father moved from Baldur to Winnipeg. He attended the University of Manitoba for one year and played hockey with the Monarch Hockey team. Hockey scouts soon spotted him and during the next two seasons Tom played with the Montreal Royals, a

farm team for the Montreal Canadiens. He then won a place on the Canadiens' team and has played defence for them ever since.

All sports writers agree that Tom would undoubtedly have won top recognition much earlier if he had not been playing beside, and in a way in the shadow of Douglas Harvey, who for four years in succession won the James Norris Memorial Trophy. This last season Tom got his chance and he emerged winning the two top awards.

Athletic championships are not won entirely through individual prowess. Teamwork and team spirit is required. Dick Bacon and other sports writers have remarked on Tom being the life of the dressing room with his good nature, humour and prankish ways. Anyone who knew the late Thomas H. Johnson—and Tom's grandfather Chris, possessed the same traits—can see in this hockey star the humour and wit which the Attorney-General used so effectively on the hustings and in the legislature.

Tom Johnson, who is single, rents a furnished apartment during the hockey season and in the spring returns to his mother in Winnipeg. Hockey is his first love but very few men have only one love.—W. J. L.

Alfred Eric Jones, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Jones, of 185 Rupertsland Ave., Winnipeg, graduated in Medicine in the spring of 1959. His mother is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thorsteinn Oddson, both deceased, formerly of Winnipeg. Eric got his early education in West Kildonan Collegiate. He is now an intern at the Winnipeg General Hospital.

The Manitoba Department of Agriculture has announced the appointment of W. I. R. Johnson as farm management specialist for western Manitoba. He assumed his new duties on October 1st, 1959, and has his headquarters at the Agricultural and Home-making School in Brandon. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Johnson, formerly of Brown, Manitoba.

OLD EAST CRADLES OUR PAST

by CAROLINE GUNNARSSON

A visitor sees Nova Scotia as an aristocrat basking in the afterglow of history as old as the nation.

But to the native Nova Scotian early Canadian history is a living memory, flowing from generation to generation like the blood in their veins. Sometimes the past comes at them out of the soil at their feet and there can be no feeling of life beginning with each new generation.

In the Annapolis Valley families have farmed the same land for unbroken generations since they took over from the Acadians, and have inherited the stories of their plight with the dykes and apple orchards which were to become the foundation of a way of life for the new settlers.

Every summer, too, pilgrims from Louisiana come to Grand Pre to lay sentimental claim to the land of Evangeline. Descendants of the Acadians, they're born with a ready answer for sophisticates who dismiss their heroine as a romantic figment of Longfellow's imagination. There wasn't just one pair of Acadian lovers separated by their cruel expulsion from the land



CAROLINE GUNNARSSON

they'd tilled and toiled for. There were many. They'd heard the stories from their parents, who heard them from their parents, right back to the generation who had lived out the ordeal.

They pause beside Evangeline's Well in the little park dedicated to her memory and gaze at her statue with its two symbolic profiles. On one side the face is that of eager, hopeful youth. On the other it is deeply etched with wear, age and the disillusionment of a life spent in fruitless search for a lost lover. The pilgrims worship in the chapel, and sometimes their reminiscing enriches local lore with bits of the valley's early history.

They're telling their children's children the stories they've heard from their grandparents, stories of ancestors herded into their own church to hear the fateful British proclamation ordering them to swear allegiance to the British crown or be gone from their homes in the valley.

Many chose flight. To their descendants and to the folks who inherited their valley, the stories of their flight are truer than the black and white of text books, because every so often the past sticks its nose through the ground to verify small details.

LAND COUGHS UP HISTORY

Take the Roman Catholic vestments found on the Jaques farm in Kings County.

Miss Annie Jaques, who at 86 manages a mixed farm with its 70 head of purebred beef cattle, took me into her lovely white farm house, and showed me the treasures. There were two narrow-necked glass wine bottles and a double cruet of thick white china, decorated in blue. These were placed in a heavy iron pot and covered with a bigger pot, then buried in the soil of the old farm—three feet deep.

"The workmen thought they had unearthed part of Captain Kidd's treasure when they came upon this," Miss Jaques recalled, blue eyes twinkling. "It was in 1924 when they were excavating for the new barn." While no one questioned that these holy vestments had been buried by fleeing Acadians, no one was able to identify the piece of china for many years. Then a Roman Catholic priest identified it as a double cruet used for the holy host. He had seen one like it in Rome.

"These belonged to the Acadians, too," Miss Jaques said, displaying a handful of French coins, plowed out of the soil of her land from time to time.

SETTLERS IN 1779

Descended from French Huguenots, the Jaques family came to the valley from Yorkshire, England, in 1779 and have farmed the old homestead since.

Miss Jaques isn't sure just when the sturdy farm house was built, but in the big, sunny dining room, some feet of window space and a built in china cabinet now occupy the space once taken up by a hearth used for cooking. "My father made that change", she recalled.

The wide, well scrubbed boards of her kitchen floor are innocent of paint or finish of any kind and the ancient wood stove queens it in the middle of a wall, flanked by a well filled wood box. A shining new electric range occupies an inconspicuous corner, where it can function efficiently without marring the nostalgic charm of the old kitchen.

CHERISHED TIES

Here are people who cherish their links with the past, like stout, honestly built old homes, family albums and grandmother's hand-painted china. It is not in their blood to toss out anything that has proven its worth by surviving the vicissitudes of passing time.

When I admired the beautiful farm homes to a young woman, she said most of them were 98 or 150 years old, some older. "Remember," she said, that many of them cost no more than \$500 to build in the old days. There was plenty of forest and a mill on every stream. Our grandfathers built strongly and well, and we have tried to keep our homes in repair."

In her living room, a long, graceful sofa with high curved arms held my eye. She said her children were the fourth generation to play on it.

"It's about 125 years old. My great

uncle bought it in Connecticut to give to his mother, and my father said he was always fond of that sofa, because one of his cousins spent three-quarters of his life on it."

Courtesy of Free Press Weekly Prairie Farmer

I Would Like To Wander

Translated by Solveig Sveinsson

I would like to wander — wander
far — far away,
so what I did nor where I was
no one could say.

Where with no news nor any tales
my ears could be filled.

I never want to tread a field
that others have tilled.

I would like to wander — wander
where no man I knew.
where no commandments had been
taught
but lawbreakers were few.

Upon the softest moss to rest
starlit skies for cover;
alone with all eternity
my only friend and lover.

And I would go where I could hear
my own heart beat.

Where all the world's wonders
had their enchanted seat.

Where I could ask my inmost soul
to help me find the way.

Oh, I should like to wander — wander
far — far away.

Eg vil fara

Eftir Davíð Stefánsson

Eg vil fara — fara eitthvað
langt, langt í burt,
svo enginn geti að mér sótt
né enginn til mín spurt.

Engin frétt, engin saga
eyrum mínum náð.

Eg vil aldrei troða akur
sem aðrir hafa sáð.

Eg vil fara—fara þangað
sem eg þekki engan mann,
og engin ólög ráða
og engin boðorð kann —
hvíla á mjúkum mosa
við hið milda stjörnuskin.

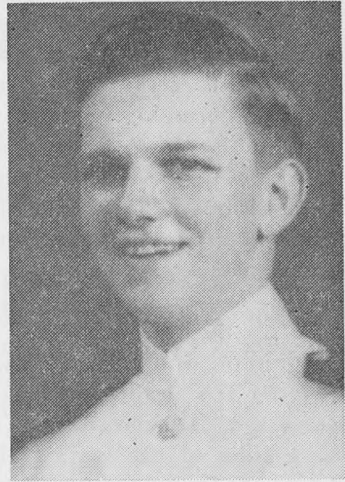
Með eilífðina eina
fyrir unnustu og vin.

Eg vil þangað sem eg heyri
minn eigin andardrátt
og alt er undrum vafið
og æfintýra blátt,
og eg get innsta eðli mitt
eitt til vegar spurt. —

Eg vil fara — fara eitthvað
langt, langt í burt

John Lawrence Thompson

Awarded A \$10,000 Fellowship



John Lawrence Thompson

A very special honor and privilege came to John Lawrence Thompson of Rockville Centre, New York, last spring when he was awarded a Ford Foundation Foreign Area Training Fellowship of \$10,000. He left in Sept. for India where he will devote his time to the changing scene as that vast country is being transformed from a mainly agricultural economy to one of industry and commerce.

Mr. Thompson, who was born in 1930 in the State of New York and received his early education in Rockville Centre, entered Princeton University in 1948. He majored in the Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs and four years later graduated Cum Laude. During his undergraduate years Mr. Thompson was prominent in debating and participated in many other extra-curricular activities.

After graduation John Lawrence served for three years in the U.S. Navy, at first on the U.S. destroyer McCord, the last year on an ice breaker. While in the navy he visited many places including Thule and Iceland.

On completion of his navy service he entered the University of Pennsylvania for graduate studies in sociology, specializing in South Asia studies. In

his third year he held an Albert M. Field Fellowship in Human Relations. In 1957 he obtained a Master of Arts degree in Sociology.

From the days of his undergraduate work Mr. Thompson has been keenly interested in India. In that land of teeming population, with its deeply entrenched caste system and its primitive agricultural methods, he could see an enormous amount of most constructive work to be done in blending an ancient Asiatic civilization with Western economic and labour relations methods. Do the Indian workers, he asks, want to participate in management-labour relations or will they prefer to remain in a subordinate position? First hand knowledge of the social structure in India, he feels, is necessary if the transformation is to be successful; the understanding has to be mutual, only then can a system be evolved to produce a maximum of the material necessities of life combined with a maximum of human happiness.

For one who feels thus the Fellowship must have been much more than

a matter of dollars and cents, it must have brought forth unreserved jubilation, affording him an opportunity to put into action what were dreams during his university years. The Ford Foundation is to be commended for its wisdom in selecting a man so deeply conscious of the potentialities and the profoundness of the service to be performed.

John Lawrence Thompson is the son of the late Norman and Mrs. Thompson of Pelican Rapids in Minnesota. His father, who died seven years ago, is of Norwegian descent on both sides of the family. His mother, Lára, who was born and raised in Upham, N. Dak., is a daughter of the pioneers, Stefan and Holmfridur Johnson, of the Mouse River community in North Dakota. John is named after his mother's brother Jón Magnús, a sculptor.

According to letters received by his

mother, Mr. Thompson is already so interested in his work that he has applied for an extension of the original one year in India. Speaking of his letters she says:

"he writes fascinating, and at times frightening letters—that is as to conditions there, He feels that doors are opening up to him where there is unlimited work to be done".

On his return Mr. Thompson hopes to write his thesis for a Doctorate on his studies and research in India.

John married Mary Lou Stevenson of Vermont, U.S.A. His wife and three young sons, oldest five, will leave for India on December 11, by jet plane, with one stop over in Rome, and on Dec. 13, will reach Bombay, India.

This magazine hopes to get at least one article from Mr. Thompson while in India, and congratulates him on being selected for this important assignment. —W. J. L.



John V. Samson

JOHN V. SAMSON ENTERS CIVIC POLITICS

In the civic elections in Winnipeg in October, **John V. Samson**, well known businessman, was elected alderman on the city council for Ward Two. It was Mr. Samson's first venture into civic politics. He was endorsed by the Civic Election Committee.

Born and raised in Winnipeg Mr. Samson received his education in city public and high schools. A printer by trade he is part owner and operator of Viking Printers. He is a member of the Typographical Union.

He is married. The family home is at 1021 Dominion St.

Playwright—GEORGE SALVERSON



George Salverson

The name of Salverson has been a notable one in Canadian literature for a good many years. One of the busiest writers in the field of Canadian broadcasting is George Salverson (formerly of Winnipeg, now living in Toronto), son of the novelist Laura Goodman Salverson.

My first acquaintance with George Salverson was made more than a decade ago while I was working as a script editor in the CBC's Drama Department in Toronto. Even at that time, the tall scholarly-looking young writer was regarded as one of the four or five most able and promising playwrights turning out scripts for the CBC.

A recent edition of the CBC Times, in a special article on Salverson, quotes him as follows "It's too lonely. I sit in isolation with my typewriter, waiting for an idea or fighting with words.

This can go on for days or even weeks and no one can help me. And when I finally emerge from solitary confinement, I don't even know whether what I've written is any good! That's why I don't like the writing business."

A surprising remark from one of Canada's free-lance radio-TV dramatists—the article goes on to say—but George Salverson, who says he was shanghaied into writing 20 years ago, is now so fascinated by the game that he would not be happy doing anything else, lonely as his working life may be. He turns out his warmly entertaining scripts in an office he fixed up in the basement of his Toronto home. He keeps his FM radio tuned in to soft, relaxing music to help counteract the sensation of sitting in a vacuum. "That way the silence of my typewriter is less accusing!"

When he comes up for air periodically, his actress wife—an attractive brunette called Sandra Scott, gives him a hot meal, he has a brief romp with the children (Julie 4, Scott 1½) and then goes back downstairs to tackle the drama dragon again. The life seems to suit him. He used to look like a bean-pole, but Sandra's cooking has filled him out into a husky football type.

George limits his writing to the daytime except when an idea has suddenly crystallized and then, like all writers, he works with feverish haste into the night, even if he has no urgent deadline. He finds documentaries more fascinating than straight dramas when they investigate a real-life human problems, "but I wouldn't get a kick out of preparing a script about how

steel is made." Some of his most successful documentaries have been on alcoholism, citizenship and medicine. One of them, "The Discoverers", recreating the events leading up to the discovery and successful use of insulin by Sir Frederick Banting and Dr. Charles Best was shown recently on the television program "General Motors Presents". George based the documentary on the book by Max Rosenfeld, first presented three years ago by the CBC in Canada and Kraft Theatre in the United States; it won a Christopher Award for promoting good will in the entertainment field.

George has a shy friendliness that helps him disarm the people he interviews in his research, and get to the core of their thoughts and attitudes without seeming to probe. He has just spent nine months preparing 16 scripts for the R.C.M.P. series for CBC-TV. "Only a very few of the stories were taken from files", he told us. "The rest were all gathered from conversations with R.C.M.P. men—fascinating fellows. We'd get a couple of them talking around a tape recorder. One would stimulate the other to recall incidents in their careers and away they'd go. We'd examine their stories for script possibilities. A writer would work up a treatment, and then sit down with the mounties and discuss the whole thing again. They would sometimes get so enthusiastic about the creative method and dramatic problems in the script that we had to hold them back—their ideas were dashing off away ahead of ours! The scripts were scrutinized by the R.C.M.P. at every stage of development, and an officer was always on the set during filming. They never interfered with poetic problems, though, just helped to prevent our stepping into the ridiculous or extreme."

George was asked what were some of the problems he encounters in adapting from one medium to another. "Say you're dramatizing a novel or short story", he said. "A fiction author frequently uses the stream of consciousness method—freely moving in and out of his characters' minds. Sometimes he tells his story almost entirely introspectively. The whole drama is in the mind of the leading character, and none of the others know it exists. It makes exciting reading, but the dramatist has to search for a logical way to let the introspection emerge without damaging the story. Or take the story with a rather complex plot and a large number of characters. The adaptor has to combine in one character the aspects of three or more. Switching from fiction to drama you have to pull free-wheeling action into dramatic unity of time and place. A story spun over weeks must be confined to one evening or weekend. It requires mechanical thinking—a matter of architecture. You must emphasize into the basic feeling, characters and statements while pulling the story from its original shape and means of expression. It's quite a gamble, really."

George had written exclusively for radio until four or five years ago, when he became the first CBC-TV drama editor; he took the job to learn the mechanics of writing for television. He held the job for three years, "it was fun, but heartbreaking when I had to hand out a disappointment to a writer who had almost written a good play, or to one whose work was good but didn't fit into any market." He left to take on the R.C.M.P. assignment.

Although he grew up in a home where writing and markets were dis-

cussed almost daily, George says he had absolutely no interest in a writing career when he finished high school. His mother, Laura Goodman Salverson, is a well-known Canadian novelist of Icelandic background. His father, of Minnesota Norwegian extraction, was a CNR dispatcher in Western Canada for many years. George set out to be a radio newscaster—first in Flin Flon, Manitoba, and then in Winnipeg. He soon found that because he had a mother who wrote, he was consulted on writing problems, at the studios, and before he knew what had happened he was writing commercial copy, continuity, and finally, plays. He discovered that he liked the work

he had once thought he would not touch with a ten-foot pole. He haunted the CBC studios where Esse Ljungh was producing network dramas. Ljungh encouraged him and he was given a job of preparing a series of war documentaries for the Canadian Army. One day he woke up to the fact that Fate had made him a free-lance writer in spite of himself. Today he is a highly successful one.

This article in the CBC Times is a well-deserved tribute to a hard-working and talented playwright, and we would like to add our own wishes to George Salverson for a long and continued successful career.

Gustaf Kristjanson

A BRILLIANT STUDENT

Maria June Magnusson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Agnar Magnusson, of Winnipeg, won one of the Isbister scholarships for Winnipeg in the Departmental examinations of June 1959, with an average of 88%. She was a student of the Daniel McIntyre Collegiate. During all the years of her Junior High and High School, she won the highest mark in her grade for the year. In the school examinations, her year's average in Grade X was 96%, and in Grade XI, 94.6%.

Two days before writing for the Isbister, she took the Grade X Music Examination given by the University of Manitoba. Her average mark for piano and Theory was 85%. She was awarded the Jon Sigurdson Chapter I.O.D.E. Music Scholarship.



Maria June Magnusson

The same year she won the Chartered Accountants' prize of \$25.00 for the highest mark in English and Mathematics for the year. She also won the Merit Award for Science, given at graduation by the Collegiate, and the School Board book prize for the highest mark in the Grade XI class.

Canadian Formula for a Twelve Mile Fishing Zone

by DUART FARQUHARSON

A most interesting and encouraging report appeared in the Winnipeg Free Press of November 19, from its Geneva correspondent Duart Farquharson. The following is the full text of the report.

GENEVA: For many months Canada has been conducting a private diplomatic battle with its two closest allies, the United States and the United Kingdom. The point at issue, fishing limits and the breadth of territorial seas, is as old as the history of ships; and it concerns all the nations of the world. Now, after centuries of disagreement, a solution based on a Canadian proposal appears likely to win acceptance.

The International Conference on the Law of the Sea which adjourned here in the spring of 1958 achieved a remarkable degree of success. Only on the measurement of the territorial seas did the 86 nations present fail to agree.

The Canadian delegation, led by Mr. George Drew, our High Commissioner to the United Kingdom, had introduced a new concept to international law in proposing that a state be allowed, in addition to a territorial sea of up to six miles, six further miles in which it would have control over fishing. This Canadian formula for a 12-mile contiguous fishing zone won a majority of the votes cast but failed to secure the two-thirds majority necessary for adoption.

Canada found herself playing not so much a Commonwealth, or middle power role, as that of a coastal state seeking to obtain recognition of fishing rights in off-shore waters which would exclude the so-called traditional rights of nations fishing in distant waters. In other words she was leading the fight against the claims of the Great Powers, with the new nations as allies.

With the expectation that the International Conference will reconvene here early next spring, Ottawa has been pursuing intense diplomatic activity. In recent months there have been high-level, secret meetings with both the United Kingdom and the United States.

The result to date is confidence that this time the Canadian proposal will be accepted. This would mean, for example, that Canada could at long last forbid foreign trawlers from fishing inside our 12-mile limit, in waters which Canada already does not allow its own trawlers to fish.

Canadian confidence is based on three factors.

First, it had already become apparent by the end of the last conference that without the Canadian concept of the contiguous fishing zone there could be no hope whatever of reaching agreement on territorial limits. The conflict between states interested in coastal rights with regard to fisheries and those interested in freedom of the seas is simply too great.

Secondly, the British action a year ago of sending in gunboats to "protect" their fishermen off the shores of Iceland has radically changed the international climate of opinion. Probably half of the states at the conference two years ago had no substantial national interest in fishing. Many of them were therefore able to support the American proposal—a six mile territorial sea plus a six mile fishing zone in which so-called traditional rights were granted in perpetuity—on a quid pro quo basis.

This is no longer possible for the small nations. For to vote in favor of the American proposal now would be in fact to approve the British action, to censure not Great Britain's, but little Iceland's conduct.

Furthermore, the American proposal

in granting special fishing privileges to a favored few, is utterly inconsistent with the United Nations' principle of the general application of international law to all countries.

Finally, it is felt that as the conference progresses it will become apparent that the Canadian proposal is the only possible alternative to the straight 12 mile territorial sea. If the United States and the United Kingdom should find themselves in this dilemma they would in all probability accept the Canadian formula.

—The Canadian Formula may provide a compromise for the advocates of the full 12 mile limit if agreement cannot be reached at the International Conference on the Law of the Sea to be convened next spring. —W. J. L.

Executive of Giant Insurance Firm



William Oliver Peterson

One of the executives of the giant Wawanesa Mutual Insurance Comp-

any, Western Division, is **William Oliver Peterson**, underwriting manager for British Columbia and the Yukon. Mr. Peterson is also chairman of the British Columbia Assigned Risk Plan and the Unsatisfied Judgement Fund for the Province of British Columbia. Before coming to Vancouver in 1942, Mr. Peterson was with the company in Saskatchewan.

Born at Hallson, N. Dak., in 1909, he is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Peterson, who make their home in Saskatoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Peterson (a former Saskatoon girl) make their home in Vancouver. Their one daughter, Mrs. John Drew, a graduate of the University of British Columbia, is a social worker. His hobbies are: curling (started in Wynyard, Sask., in 1925, and is a director of the Vancouver Curling Club) golf, fishing and photography.

ASMUNDUR LOPTSON RETIRES FROM ACTIVE POLITICS



Asmundur Loptson, M.L.A.

At the convention on October 29, in Saltcoats, Saskatchewan, held to nominate a Liberal candidate for the Saltcoats provincial constituency, it became officially known that the sitting member Asmundur (Minty) Loptson had retired from active politics. He had previously made it known that he would not be a candidate.

The nomination was held in the afternoon at which Mr. James E. Sned-kep of Saltcoats was unanimously elected the Liberal standard bearer, but the highlight of the day was the banquet at 6:30 in the evening. Although

many other distinguished Liberals were there, such as Rt. Hon. Jas. G. Gardiner, it was really a testimonial dinner to Minty Loptson.

On behalf of the Liberals of the constituency, Mr. D. A. McKenzie of Esterhazy presented Mr. and Mrs. Loptson with a chair and purse. In the course of his remarks before making the presentation Mr. McKenzie said: "Canada and particularly Saskatchewan have drawn their people from many lands and from many islands, especially from two islands, Britain, whose government is often referred to as the 'Mother of Parliament', then Iceland's government, which is 'the Grandmother of parliaments'."

Mr. McKenzie went on to say that Mr. Loptson was dedicated to public service. "In 1934", he said, "he polled the largest majority of any candidate and was leader of the liberal party for some time."

Sam Wynn, the Editor of The Yorkton Enterprise, who received an honorary L.L.D. degree from the University of Saskatchewan, and is acknowledged to be one of the best editorial writers in the province, wrote a special and a lengthy editorial on Mr. Loptson in the issue of November 5, 1959. The following are extracts from that editorial.

"MINTY" the Will Rogers of Saskatchewan politics.

HEAD

Asmundur Loptson, M.L.A., will retire from active, personal participation in politics the day Lieutenant-

Governor Frank Bastedo proclaims the 13th legislature of the Province of Saskatchewan dissolved. That could come on Tuesday, May 10, next but, of course, this is just a wild guess.

Although he will not seek re-election, of one thing we are certain, "Minty" will be an ardent politician until the day he dies. He is a genuine Liberal, first, last and always—an intense politician—a man of guts and thunder—but an honest, sincere friend and a great Canadian.

The removal of "Minty" Loptson from the Saskatchewan legislature will bring to an end an era of rough and tumble politics that is not likely to come again. . . .

It was left for Salcoats to give the legislature not only its first speaker, but the greatest character of all—the utterly ruthless, dynamic, kindhearted, brilliant possum—Asmundur Loptson—known to one and all as "Minty". There has never been just anyone quite like Minty Loptson. There is no one in the C.C.F. ranks who has a good word for "Minty" today, but I'm as certain, as I am pounding this type-writer, that he is the most feared opponent and in their heart of hearts the most secretly admired. He is the type of debater who can send the legislature into pandemonium as he has done so often. . . .

Asmundur Loptson was born in Iceland, Feb. 14, 1887, and came to Canada with his parents at the age of two years, when the family took up residence in Winnipeg. In 1891, they moved to the Churchbridge district where they settled on a farm and here "Minty" remained until he was 15 years of age, not paying too much attention to his education which came to an end at this time.

"Minty" decided to accept a job as a clerk in a general store in Churchbridge and at the age of 18 began his trade as a harness maker, which he learned from his father. He also learned the delicate trade of jeweller from his uncle at Selkirk. Then he opened a general store of his own and in addition took a farm implement agency and added lumber to his line.

In 1908 he disposed of his business interests and took up a homestead north of Churchbridge, later moving to a farm he bought near Bredenbury. Then he took up the lumber business in Bredenbury and in 1914 disposed of this to engage in the construction of rural telephone lines, still later engaging in highway construction work. During the whole of this period he added from time to time to his land holdings.

His public activities have been extensive. He served as secretary-treasurer of the Co-operative Creamery at Churchbridge, school trustee of both rural and urban districts. He sat on the council of the R.M. of Saltcoats, No. 213, from 1911 to 1923, inclusive, the last four years of which he was reeve, enjoying acclamations to council several times and three acclamations for the position of reeve. Then in 1928 he was elected mayor of Bredenbury.

The writer recalls attending the Liberal convention held at Saltcoats on Wednesday, May 1, 1929. . . .

As I look back on what I had written of my friend "Minty" that day I find I said: 'Mr. Loptson's maiden effort on the platform elicited much favorable comment and it was evident to all who heard him, that with a little practice, he will develop into a campaigner who will measure up to the best of them. . . .'

Mr. Loptson married Miss Kristin Sveinbjornson at Churchbridge on Feb. 14, 1908, and their union was blessed with a son, Stanley (Sonny), a Canadian grain commissioner, and two daughters, Mrs. Rhuna Emery of Long Beach, California, and Mrs. Bertha Christopherson of Vancouver. .

Mr. and Mrs. Loptson make their home at Ste 6 Argyle Apartments, Yorkton."

ED. NOTE—Asmundur Loptson was a member of the Saskatchewan Legislature from 1929 to 1938 and from 1948 to the present time. He will continue to be a member until the next election. —W. J. L.

Senator Thorvaldson National President

On December 2, at the three day conference of the Progressive Conservative Party of Canada, held in Ottawa, Senator G. S. Thorvaldson was unanimously elected President of the Progressive Party Association. He is the first Canadian of Icelandic extraction to be elected president of a national political party organization.

In an article on the editorial page of The Winnipeg Tribune of December 3, under the caption: "Man in the News; The Friendly Senator is a Fighter", appears the following:

"Solli Thorvaldson, despite the big grin and the friendly handshake, is a fighter—the kind who goes to bat for principles rather than causes. And one of his big targets in the political ring has been the trend to statism which has tempted even the right-wing conservatives in the competition for votes."



Senator Gunnar S. Thorvaldson

It can be truly said that Senator Thorvaldson was born into politics. His father, the late Sveinn Thorvaldson, M.B.E., was always active in municipal affairs and for a while was a member of the Legislature of Manitoba. His son, Solli, sat in the same Legislature for South Winnipeg from 1941 to 1949.

The Icelandic Canadian extends congratulations.

The Silver Hoard From Gaulverjabær

(Continued from page 11)

blaze, but they remind us of the long distant period when our ancestors first met cultured peoples and gained from these encounters both fame and wealth. And is it not fascinating for those who have read the Arabian Nights to reflect that in this country the earth has yielded to the spade silver coins from Bagdad itself, bearing the insignia of the caliphs of the dynasty of Haroun al Raschid?

Let us now in turn consider the German coins. They number 162, of whom 11 are fragments and one of Bohemian origin. They were all minted during the regnal years of the Saxon emperors and carry the names of Otto I, the Great, Otto II (i.e. the Otto of the *Heimskringla*), Otto III and of his grandmother and regent, Adelaide, and of St. Henry II, together with the names of a few contemporary magnates and prelates such as Duke Bernhard I of Saxony and Bishop Arnulf of Halberstadt. The earliest date which can be assigned to any of these coins is 936, when Otto I ascended the royal throne, and the latest is 1014 when Henry II became Holy Roman Emperor. They all fall, therefore, within the period 936–1014. The Bohemian coin, which has joined its German fellows, was minted in Prague for the doughty Boleslav II who ruled from 967 to 999 and was at odds with the German rulers.

It is noteworthy that all the German coins are much worn through handling. This indicates (and indeed is historically proven) that both these and the great quantities of other German coins,

which have been found in Scandinavia, were brought thither through trade. During the ninth century the progress of Christian missionaries northward was slow but steady and in their footsteps merchants followed. The cultural influences, which actuated these men, finally reached Scandinavia and from about the middle of the tenth century a lively trade sprang up between it and Germany. Here as elsewhere the great rivers were the main arteries of commerce, and on their banks flourishing towns arose, whose names may be read on the coins from this period. On those from Gaulverjabær may, for example, be read the names of such cities as Emmerich, Cologne, Strassburg, Worms, all on the Rhine, Magdeburg on the Elbe, Regensburg on the Donau, and from the western boundaries Verdun and Huy. All of these cities are great trading centres and there is no reason to believe that our forefathers obtained these silver coins by any other means than by trade. Just as the Arabian coins, they were carried north by peaceful and even honourable merchants.

Quite the contrary is the case of the Anglo-Saxon coins which form the bulk of the hoard found at Gaulverjabær. They number 180 shining English coins, beautifully minted and in the great majority of instances very little worn. Technically and aesthetically they are vastly superior to the German coins, and, indeed, English coins were much copied by various peoples who began to mint coins in the tenth and eleventh centuries. The oldest English coin in our hoard was minted for Edgar, king of the Anglo-Saxons

959–975, and the second oldest in Exeter for his son Edward, who was murdered in 978 at the instigation of his mother and is known as the Martyr. He was succeeded by his half-brother Æthelred II, whom the Northmen called Redeless, and whose name appears on the remaining 178 English coins in the hoard. They were minted in 38 English towns, the greatest number, 47, in London. Silver coins of English kings from the eighth, ninth and tenth centuries have been found in very great quantities in Scandinavia, but more from the reign of Æthelred than that of any other English king. This flood of English silver relates in its own way the history of the relations of the Northmen and the English during the Viking Age—that age of heroic and revengeful deeds. It was in the year 793 that the English caught their first glimpse of those baleful ships which for centuries conveyed pirates and robbers to England—men whose only object was to plunder and steal wherever there was any hope of obtaining silver or other forms of wealth. These Viking bands grew ever more aggressive, and ended by subjugating entire districts and their inhabitants. The English, however, never gave up the fight, and now and again defeated the invaders with such effect that by 954 the power of the Vikings was crushed through the expulsion of the Norwegian king, Erik Bloodaxe, from England. Silver, gathered as booty prior to this time, is common in Scandinavia. The years 954–978, however, during the reigns of Edgar and Edward, were relatively free from Viking incursions, and consequently coins of these kings are rarely found in Scandinavia with the exception of some found among coins or hoards of a later date. There is one coin from each

reign in the hoard from Gaulverjabær. In 980, however, the Viking raids on England commence again and now on a much greater scale. It was England's misfortune to have as its king at that time the "redeless" Æthelred II, who had neither the spirit nor strength to defend his kingdom. In 991 England was attacked by the Viking leader, Ólafur Tryggvason, later king of Norway, and three years later by him and Sveinn Forkbeard together. Æthelred then resorted to the desperate measure of bribing the Vikings, paying them enormous sums which were called the Danegeld. As might be expected this only led to greater and greater attacks which entailed the payment of larger and larger sums each year until finally in 1013 Æthelred sought refuge abroad. Contemporary chronicles detail the sums paid during some of these years. In 991 the amount was 10,000 pounds, in 1007, 36,000, and the amounts are similar in other years . . . The innumerable English silver coins found in Scandinavia are the result of this tremendous extortion. More than half the coins in the hoard from Gaulverjabær date from the reign of Æthelred. They are an infinitesimal part of the bloody booty gathered in England by the Northmen.

When the Viking raids began the Scandinavian peoples had not reached the stage of using minted money for commercial transactions. When, however, they became acquainted with the silver coins of more economically advanced peoples, they inevitably attempted to follow their example. Norse chieftains, who became rulers abroad, as e.g. in the British Isles, very early adopted their own coinage, but these coins are not very common. In the hoard from Gaulverjabær there are only two silver coins of King Sigtrygg-

ur Silkbeard of Dublin, Ireland, 989–1029, both of them copies of Æthelred's mint. There are also three original coins, albeit modelled on English money, which, when examined, prove to have been minted for Ólafur Sheetking of Sweden (994–1002), and finally five small and wretched coins, inscribed with marks instead of letters, minted at Hedeby for Harold Bluetooth, king of the Danes (940–960). These last are all copies of the coinage minted for Charlemagne at Dorestad, and indicate clearly that the minter has had no understanding whatsoever of the inscription on his models.

It is, thus, possible to learn from our hoard a good deal about the first attempts at coinage on the part of the Scandinavian peoples; how they attempted in this novel venture to copy the minting methods of West European peoples. A long time was to pass, however, before the use of minted silver became common. Far into the period when the use of silver money had become general among the Scandinavians they continued to use scales to weigh silver as of old, and the silver which was used in business transactions took various forms—unstamped bars and rings, all kinds of old broken silver and the silver coins of various lands. All these forms of silver were to be found; men carried it with them in small bags or purses and called such a collection *sjóður*. Such were the *sjóðir* which are often mentioned in the sagas, and if they were of some size a nasty blow might be struck with them which one would more gladly give than receive. Well known is the story of Auður Vésteinsdóttir, who used a *sjóður* to strike Eyjólfur the Grey on the nose with such force that his blood bespattered him. The silver from Gaulverjabær is one such *sjóður*. Although it con-

tains no uncoined silver there can be no doubt that its owner has weighed portions of it in scales, not understanding the value of the individual coins. On the other hand, everyone no doubt appreciated the fact that these round and shining silver objects would make fine ornaments. It was both easy and economical to drill a hole through the coins, string them on a cord and place them on the neck of the desired one. Several of the coins in our hoard have been so honoured.

The approximate date of the burial of the hoard from Gaulverjabær is quite clear. Ólafur Sheetking is believed to have accepted Christianity in 1008 and to have founded at that time the town of Sigtún to serve as a missionary centre. It is the opinion of scholars that only at this time did he begin the coinage of silver, for his coins are, generally speaking, minted at Sigtún and carry such Christian ejaculations as *CRUX, IN NOMINE DOMINI* (i.e. cross, in the name of the Lord). These are found in distorted form on his coins in the hoard from Gaulverjabær. They are, thus, the youngest coins in the collection, minted at the earliest in 1008. This date is, therefore, the *terminus post quem* for the burial of the hoard. But it cannot have been much later. This is evident from the fact that the hoard contains no coins of the successors of Æthelred, which, however, are very common in Scandinavia and might have been expected to join their fellows from Gaulverjabær if that hoard had been in circulation. The sheen and lack of wear on the Æthelred coins show also that they cannot have been in circulation for any length of time. In my opinion, one can safely date the burial of the hoard from Gaulverjabær in the years 1010–1015.

The question then arises: Who was the owner of this silver hoard? Who inhabited Gaulverjabær during these years? The original settler in Gaulverjabær was Loftur Ormsson the Old, also called Eyra-Loftur for his connection with Eyra or Eyraþakki. He came to Iceland as a young man, but he married Heimlaug Þórarinsdóttir when he was sixty years of age and his title "the Old" indicates that he reached a high old age. This explains the fact that his son, Þórólfur Eyra-Loftsson, lived past the year 1000. Nothing much is known of him. Landnáma, however, relates that he fought a battle with Earl Gyrður Sigvaldason at Meðalfar Sound in which he and his fellows managed to retain their goods. They must have been merchants who fought an engagement with Vikings. With Þórólfur in this battle was the Guðleifur who was driven to Hvítamannaland "in the later part of the reign of St. Olaf," or about 1020–1025. Njáls saga describes Þórólfur in terms which clearly indicate that he was a merchant—Skarphéðinn taunts Skafti Þóróddsson with the fact that Þóróddur smuggled him onto his ship in a meal-bag and transported him to Iceland.

It follows from the fact that Þóróddur is spoken of as a contemporary of Skafti Þóróddsson and Guðleifur from Straumfjörð that he lived into the early years of the eleventh century. It is not known where he lived, but since his father lived at Gaulverjabær it is likely that this was also his home. It is quite possible, therefore, that he buried the silver hoard in his old age, for no one is more likely to have owned a good deal of silver than he, the merchant trader. Of greatest interest to us, however, is the fact that the hoard demonstrates how the *sjóðir*, which the men of the Saga Age wore at their belts,

came into being. They consisted of a collection of foreign silver coins from various countries and reached Iceland only after lengthy travels on the byways of commerce and piracy during the Viking Age. This is the age of the great conquests, voyages and travels in the history of Scandinavia, an age in which all doors are suddenly thrown open and these old and isolated peoples are swept by the gusts of foreign influences from the east, south and west. The hoard from Gaulverjabær is an example of the foreign cultural influences which seeped into Scandinavia, a very small example indeed, but many sided, for its components stem from all directions.

It would, finally, be interesting to know what caused the old inhabitant of Árnes to bury his wealth. Archaeology has long faced similar questions, for buried treasurers are among the most common finds from the prehistoric ages of long inhabited countries. There may be many explanations. One—and an attractive one—is that the pagans believed that they would enjoy in another life the treasures they had buried in this. Snorri says in the *Ynglinga saga* that even Odin himself prescribed such practices in his laws. The old inhabitant of Gaulverjabær was, I think, of this opinion, for, in his day, Iceland was a land at peace, and another explanation, which would apply in many other lands, can hardly apply in our case, viz. that the hoard was buried to avoid its falling into enemy hands. If the owner was, indeed, Þórólfur Eyra-Loftsson, it is of interest to note that pagan worship seems to have been a very real and living thing in his family. His father, Loftur the Old of Gaulverjabær, went abroad every third year to sacrifice at the temple which his grandfather, Þor-

björn, had owned—an act comparable to mediaeval pilgrimages. The burial of such a silver hoard is very pagan in spirit and closely connected with elaborate pagan funerary practices. The man who buried this silver in the years 1010–1015 must really be accounted a pagan, although he may have nominally accepted Christianity some years previously.

However, this can never be established with complete certainty and does not really matter. It may well be that the old boy was just too mean to be

willing to contemplate his descendants enjoying his silver. If so, he miscalculated for now the silver has been found and given a home where it will be well and long enjoyed.

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(The attention of the reader is directed to a recent work by Kristján Eldjárn, **Kuml og haugfé**, Akureyri, (1957), in which are discussed all heathen burial mounds known in Iceland and numerous objects found during archaeological investigations. Discoveries of silver coins other than the above are listed on pp. 365–368. **Kuml og haugfé** is a masterpiece of its kind.)



Lieutenant Dean L. Readmond

Lieutenant Dean L. Readmond of the U.S. Air Force is the son of Roy and Helga Readmond of Sioux Falls, South Dakota. His mother's parents were Thorsteinn and Holmfriður Josephson, of Sinclair, Manitoba. He has an aunt, Mrs. Harry Marvin, of Churchbridge, Sask., and two uncles, Friðbjörn and Jacob Josephson, of Sinclair, Manitoba.

DISTINGUISHED

FLYING OFFICER

★

Dean began his Air Cadet training at San Antonio, Texas, in 1956, after graduating from High School at Sioux Falls. He attended flight school at Graham A. F. B., Florida, and at Bryan A. F. B., Texas, flying T-33's. There he received his wings and won the distinction of being one of the five distinguished graduates of his class of June 1958.

At Williams A. F. B., Arizona, he flew F86's, and at present is a co-pilot on a B47 at Whiteman A. F. B., Missouri.

Good Literature and Bad

By ARTHUR M. REYKDAL

What is bad literature and what is good literature? Isn't that a matter of opinion? And doesn't the very act of censoring a book, either by parents to their children or by the government to the public, make that book all the more desirable?

Left to his own devices, a child will develop his own reading tastes. He will accept what appeals to his personality and he will reject what doesn't. And he will read hundreds of stories about bandits robbing banks or gunmen killing off their enemies without feeling the slightest urge to do those things unless it happens to be in his nature to do so anyway.

If his parents are to him, as they should be, the most important people in the world, their standards of behavior will influence him far more than any book possibly can.

Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" are classics today. But at the time when they were written; children had to sneak up to the hayloft to read them in secret. For they fractured all the traditions of goody-goody, sanctimonious Little Lord Fauntelroy heroes of the then accepted juvenile literature.

They presented boys who said "sweat" when they should have said "perspiration," who disobeyed their parents, played hooky from school, sneaked behind the woodshed for a surreptitious smoke, and did all the naughty things that boys have done since Cain and Abel—though they didn't commit fratricide, as did Cain.

Hundreds of vice squads campaigned to have the books removed from the juvenile sections of the nation's public libraries. No move was ever made to ban them entirely; the adults wanted to read them themselves. A large library in New York employed a man who read aloud to classes of children. He wrote to Mark Twain, told him about the move to remove the books, and asked him if he couldn't present an argument to prevent it. He said that they were always the first books he read to each new group of children, for the youngsters always enjoyed them, as he did himself. Mark Twain replied that he was afraid he would have to agree with the committee, for he had written the books for adults and had never intended them for the young. He went on to point out that some of the world's universally accepted classics contained insidious passages and requested that if copies of them were on the shelves, would the librarian "kindly remove Huck and Tom from that questionable companionship."

No book was ever written that somebody didn't censure—and desire to censor.

Linked with the same subject, but hardly rating the dignity of being labelled literature, are the crime comic books, so often cited as a contributing cause of juvenile delinquency. Professor Bernie Hill told of a friend of his who conducted research on the influence of comic books, intending to use it as a thesis in obtain-

ing a university degree. It was his intention to study representative groups of readers and non-readers of comic books in order to compare the differences. His project was defeated because across the length and breadth of Canada and the United States he couldn't find a representative group of literate youngsters who didn't read comic books.

Every generation has had its literary scapegoat for all the wrongs of the

young. The dime novel, the penny dreadful, the wild-west stories where good guys who didn't smoke or swear or drink shot bad guys who did. Studies of juvenile delinquents have revealed that all of them were avid readers of whatever type of literature happened to be suspected at the time. Studies could also indicate that all of them drank milk. Should milk, then, be cited as a contributor to juvenile delinquency?

Remarkable Career In Pharmacy Ends

In Wynyard, Sask., the words Pharmacy and Eyolfson had become almost synonymous but last summer, to the regret of many, the relationship came to an end.

In 1914 Jonas Eyolfson graduated in Pharmacy from the University of Saskatchewan and soon found himself operating The Wynyard Pharmacy. A younger brother, Arni, started his pharmacy career as an apprentice in Park River, North Dakota, in 1916, and in 1918, after discharge from the American army, he moved to Wynyard and continued his apprenticeship in the Wynyard Pharmacy. He and another brother, Ted, completed their studies in pharmacy at the University of Saskatchewan, and in 1927 they bought the business from Jonas, who returned to the United States and continued his profession there. In 1937 Ted decided to go back to the United States and open a pharmacy in his old home town of Park River. Arni bought out his share in the Wynyard Pharmacy and was the sole owner until he sold the business to Forrest Pederson, formerly of the Humboldt Pharmacy in Humboldt, Sask.

Pharmacy seems to be in the Eyolfson blood and it would appear that it has been transmitted to relatives by marriage.

Writing in the Wynyard Advance, October 8, 1959, Mrs. F. E. Pratt, in speaking of the Eyolfson family in the drug business, says:

Nineteen qualified pharmacists in the immediate family relationship, scattered from New Mexico, to Kitimat, B.C., on the West and from Park River, North Dakota, to Wynyard and LaRonge, Sask., on the East, are presently engaged in the pharmacy business. Eleven blood relatives, brothers, nieces, nephews and one daughter are accredited pharmacists. A son-in-law is both an accredited pharmacist and a practicing physician. A son is studying pharmacy at the University of British Columbia. Verna Eyolfson (Mrs. Arni) holds an apprentice certificate. Of a staff of thirty-eight clerks through the years, eighteen have been trained at the Wynyard Pharmacy and graduated as pharmacists. Among these are three brothers, two nephews, two nieces and one daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Arni Eyolfson plan to continue residing in Wynyard.

Mr. & Mrs. Frank Fredrickson Visit Iceland

Frank Fredrickson, who 40 years ago was engaged to go to Iceland to fly and give instructions in flying, was invited last summer with Mrs Fredrickson to be among the guests of honour at a gathering celebrating the fortieth anniversary of flying in Iceland. The formal celebration took place on September 3, and Sigurður Magnússon, the Public Relations Director of the Icelandic Air Lines, was master of ceremonies. Besides delivering an address in Icelandic, Frank made a tape recording, now in the hands of the Icelandic Broadcasting Corporation, and has a copy which can be reproduced here in the West. The following are extracts from Frank's speech:

Góðir Íslendingar.

Fyrir rúmum 39 árum veittist mér sú gleði að líta í fyrsta sinn fósturland foreldra minna. Aftur er eg kominn hingað til þessa lands hinna mörgu minninga og það á eg nú að þakka Loftleiðum, sem buðu okkur hjónunum yfir hafið mikla, sem aðskilur okkur Austur- og Vestur-Íslendingana.

Við, sem eigum foreldra, er fluttust héðan búferlum til hinna fjarlægustu landa, gerum okkur ljósa þá þakkar-skuld, er við stöndum í vegna hins íslenzka menningararfs, sem okkur féll í skaut, og við erum stolt af því, að hinn siðmenntaði heimur veit, að í þessu landi hefir frá alda öðli dafnað mikil og sérstæð menning.

Við, afkomendur útflytjendanna íslenzku, höfum reynt að gjalda þessa skuld. . . . Við þekkjum öll nöfn íslenzkra manna, sem skarað hafa fram

úr, gnæft eins og tindar upp úr hinu mikla mannhafi Vesturálfu. Eg reyni ekki að þylja þau. Þess gerist engin þörf. En hitt finnst mér ástæða til að segja ykkur, að vestra þykja það góð meðmæli með okkunum manni, að hann sé Íslendingur—og þess vegna látum við þess alltaf getið, þegar þess er kostur, að rætur okkar standi í mold þessarar fjarlægu eyju. Þannig hefir foreldrum okkar tekizt að skila arfinnum að heiman—og svona höfum við reynt að ávaxta hann.

Við höfum úr fjarlægðinni reynt að fylgjast með því hvernig þið, sem heima sitjið, hafið ávaxtað það pund, sem ykkur féll í skaut, og við erum undrandi og stolt yfir því hve vel ykkur hefir tekizt það. . . .

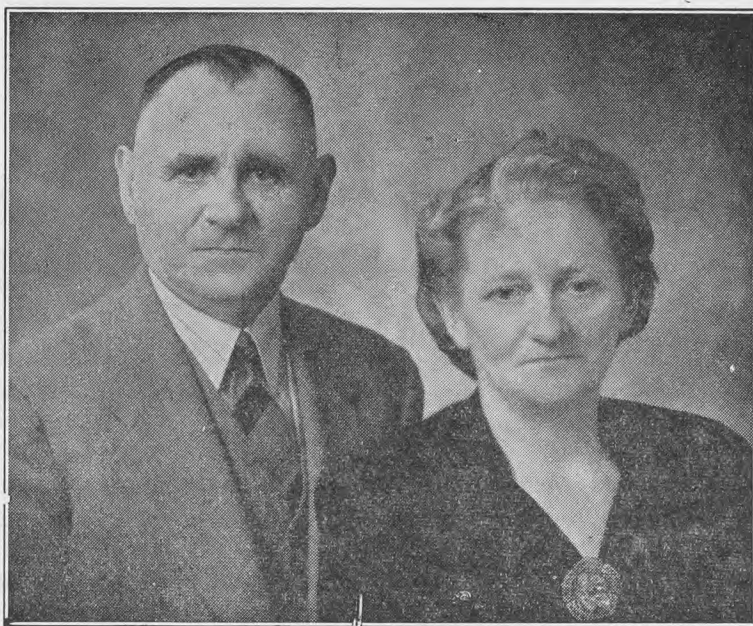
Við hjónin munum sennilega aldrei koma aftur hingað heim. En hvort sem þau ár verða mörg eða fá, sem við eigum eftir ólífud, þá munu þau varðveita með okkur í þakklátum hugum minninguna um þessa indælu heim sókn, og við munum nota þau til þess að segja vinum okkar vestra frá því hversu yndisleg þið hafið verið okkur, hve æfintýrlegt Ísland er, og reyna þannig að styrkja þau bræðrabönd, sem enn tengja saman heimaþjóðina og þau brot hennar, sem búa vestan hafssins, og geyma enn eitthvað af hinni fornu arfleifð kynslóðanna, sem hér hafa búið í þúsund ár, stundum við óblið kjör, en alltaf þó í trú á, að geta skilað framtíðinni einhverju því, sem gert gæti nafn Íslands í vitund heimsins mikilfenglegra en það áður var.

Guð blessi Ísland.

Visits to Iceland of people of Icelandic extraction born here should be

encouraged and similar visits to us of the younger generation in Iceland. A few days of well arranged visits of that type will do much to foster that understanding which is so essential if the contacts are to be continued and an appreciation of a common cultural heritage maintained. —W. J. L.

Heimskringla Editor and Wife Honored



Mr. and Mrs. Stefán Einarsson

Stefan Einarsson, for 40 years editor of Heimskringla, one of two Icelandic weeklies published over the years in Winnipeg, and Mrs. Einarsson were honored by the Icelandic community in Winnipeg and Manitoba prior to their leaving September 30 to make their home at Vancouver, B. C. where their children live.

Heimskringla and Logberg were amalgamated last summer and the combined newspaper is now known as Logberg-Heimskringla.

A reception had been planned in Mr. and Mrs. Einarsson's honor but, owing to Mr. Einarsson's indisposition for health reasons, this was not held

Presentations were, therefore, made to them at their Winnipeg home.

Rev. Philip M. Petursson presented Mr. Einarsson with a purse from their many Winnipeg and Manitoba friends and with an illuminated address from the National Icelandic League, signed by Dr. Richard Beck, president, and Prof. Haraldur Bessason, secretary.

A presentation to Mrs. Einarsson was made by Mrs. Maria Bjornson and a farewell address to the honored couple made by Dr. S. E. Bjornson.

At the coast Mr. and Mrs. Einarsson will make their home at 1709 Smith Avenue, New Westminster, sister city to Vancouver.

BOOK REVIEWS

IAN OF RED RIVER

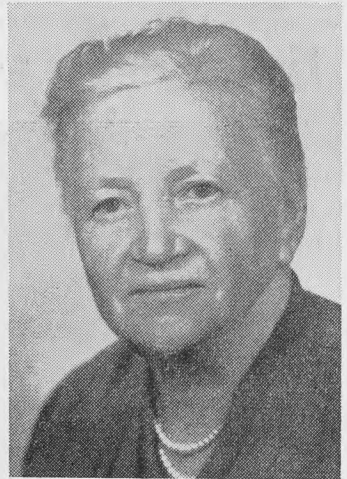
by RAGNHILDUR GUTTORMSSON

Ryerson Press

The historical background of this story is the coming of the advance guard of the Selkirk settlers to the Red River in Manitoba. Angus McDuff, tired of working in a mill, agrees to go to the new country, spend three years in Lord Selkirk's employ, and get a free grant of land. He expresses true pioneering spirit when he says "Across the sea are vast fields lying idle; fields that could grow enough grain to fill all the empty flour barrels in Scotland. And in Scotland are empty hands with nothing to do. Lord Selkirk is a great man with a dream, and I'm going to help make it come true."

The character of Ian, the young son of Angus McDuff, is admirably drawn. He is a sensitive boy, thoroughly good, but ashamed of being known as "soft". He soliloquized: "Was he soft, timid? That is what Granny had called him. He hated to see people weep; he didn't like to see things hurt; and it was almost unbearable to see things dead, when you had once seen them alive. Was that being soft? Did not other people feel like that, too?" The manner in which he tries to show Granny that he is not soft, is the subject of an interesting incident. The desire to show courage characterizes him all through the story.

The way Granny prepares him for the journey to Red River is reminiscent of Iceland, as is indeed the whole Scottish scene in the story. She takes out of a mysterious carved wooden chest a brand new kilt and jacket, with six silver buttons, that had belonged



Ragnhildur Guttormsson

to his maternal grandfather. She admonishes Ian to keep the buttons always bright, as they symbolize the honor of the McLeods, which is now in his keeping. Out of the same chest came a flat object called a hornbook, on which were engraved the Ten Commandments, and which had been in the McLeod family for over a hundred years. It was of mahogany, covered with polished sheep's horn, and the writing was on calf's skin. Ian promises to keep the honor of the McLeods bright by keeping the Ten Commandments and by keeping the buttons bright. His mother had taught him the first four. The fifth he said he could not bear to talk about—"Thou shalt not kill. I'll never do that," he said. The hornbook and the silver buttons were to play a significant part in the life of Ian.

An interesting character in this part of the story is Ian's friend and neighbor, Old Alec, whose only two books

are the Bible and the poems of Robert Burns, both of which are read at the breakfast table.

The writer now takes us with Ian and his father to the boats that were to take them to the new country. They reach York Factory, and then make a long inland journey by river and lake to the place where Fort Douglas was built on the Red River. Ian's loneliness is relieved by the coming of a new family in which there was a boy of his own age, named Don. They become very close friends, and have interesting experiences, such as finding an Indian pony, which the Governor permitted them to keep at the Fort. They gave him the name Donian (for Don and Ian).

An encounter with the rivals of the Hudson's Bay Company, the Nor' Westers; the trials of the settlers and their dauntless courage; the massacre

at Sevn Oarks, after which Ian was mistakenly obsessed with the fear that he had broken his pledge by breaking the fifth Commandment; the departure from Fort Douglas and the return to it; the pow-wow with the Indians, and their treaty with Lord Selkirk; these events and situations tie in with the historical background of the story.

The story is one of absorbing interest from beginning to end, and being thoroughly wholesome, would be a valuable addition to any school library.

Mrs. Guttormsson has had a number of short stories and articles published, and during World War II, a play written by her, entitled "Moss-grown Rocks" was produced on the CBC network. This was a story with its setting in Iceland during the American occupation.

—Salome Halldorson

COLD ADVENTURE

by VIOLET INGALDSON

Copp Clark Publishing Co. Ltd.

Garry Melsted has just finished high school and intends to attend university to study to be a fish biologist and ichthyologist. His Uncle Ben, however, feels "that a young man should be able to give a hand to almost any kind of work". His folks came from Iceland and had fished on Lake Winnipeg with a fair amount of success. But the fish catch was decreasing. He told Garry, "I think one of us, a descendent of the first commercial fishermen on the lake, should study the life cycle of fresh water fish and I want that person to be you. I want you to go winter fishing because a man to be an authority on fish should know and sympathize with the men who earn their living by

fishing. If you can't survive a few months of winter fishing you're not the makings of an ichthyologist and studying to be one would be wasted time."

Cold adventure is the story of Garry's experiences during this winter of fishing on Lake Winnipeg.

It is the story of Garry and Bergur caught on an ice floe; the friendship of Nick, the Boss' son and Tim which could have had serious repercussions; the search for Nick and Tim lost on the lake and of near death when the bombardier almost slipped into a crevice on the lake; the time Garry and Tim caused the men to burst into convulsions of laughter when they had put floats on both sides of the nets.

The characters are Icelandic and one feels the author has skilfully depicted the workings of the Icelandic mind. Garry learns that though the

fishermen are rough, tough and careless they are kind and understanding.

It is a story that has the ingredients of a good boys' yarn. It has action, struggles, humour, intrigue and narrow

escapes from death. It would be of interest to young readers and is recommended for school libraries.

—Mattie Halldorson

NEWS FROM ICELAND

Haraldur Bessason

The latest parliamentary elections in Iceland took place under a new Election Act passed at the 1959 summer session of the Alþing. This new law, which greatly altered the rules by which members were formerly elected to the Legislature and brought about a constitutional change, was intended to rectify the somewhat unjust proportion between rural and urban representation.

Space does not permit a detailed explanation of the change, but suffice it to say that under the old Election Act 52 members of the Icelandic Alþing represented 28 constituencies but under the new Act 60 members represent only eight constituencies. This alteration, in effect, has increased the voting power of city residents and brought about a closer equilibrium between rural and urban constituencies. To illustrate this it might be mentioned that Reykjavík with its population of approximately 70,000 (more than one third of the total population of Iceland) formerly was represented in Alþing by only eight members but now it has twelve.

The figures below show how the political parties are now represented



Prof. Haraldur Bessason

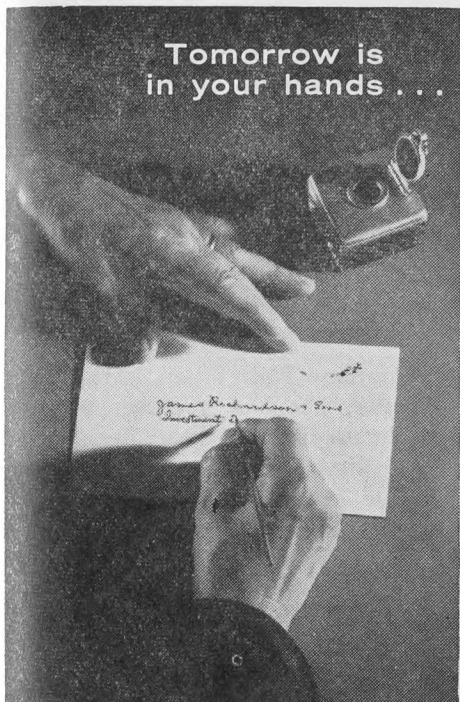
in Alþing. The parenthesized figures indicate the representation before the constitutional change:

The Conservative Party	24	(20)
The Liberal Progressives	17	(19)
The Social Democrats	10	(7)
The Socialists	9	(6)

The Minority Social-Democratic Government, formed last winter, has resigned and a new coalition government, formed by the Conservatives and the Social-Democrats, has come to power under the leadership of Mr. Ólafur Thors. The new government consists of the following Cabinet Ministers:

1. Mr. Ólafur Thors, Prime Minister (Conservative)

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GREETINGS

The good tidings of Christmas are that Peace and Goodwill shall prevail. The challenge of the New Year will be "To beat swords into plowshares."

The universal symbol of peace is the plowshare—the dream of all men of goodwill is to beat swords into plowshares. They work for a scheme of things where Peace and Plenty shall dominate the lives of men.

Peace brings its problems as does war

Plenty also presents problems, but surely more acceptable and more easily handled than problems caused by scarcity.

The production of food and effective demand cannot be kept in balance: farmers are faced with too many uncontrollable factors. In maintaining a supply of foodstuffs to feed the world it is inevitable that surpluses will occur.

Abundance, even with its problems, is much to be preferred to scarcity.

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2. Mr. Guðmundur I. Guðmundsson, Minister of Foreign Affairs (Social-Democrat)
3. Mr. Bjarni Benediktsson, Minister of Justice (Conservative)
4. Mr. Gylfi Þ. Gíslason, Minister of Commerce and Minister of Education (Social-Democrat)
5. Mr. Emil Jónsson, Minister of Fisheries and Minister of Social Affairs (Social-Democrat)
6. Mr. Gunnar Thoroddsen, Minister of Finance (Conservative)
7. Mr. Ingólfur Jónsson, Minister of Agriculture (Conservative)

A quick glance at the above list gives one reason to believe that Iceland has now a stronger government than it has had for many years. The Social-Democrats are represented by former "right wingers", of the Social-Democrats, who had formerly often been in agreement with the Conservatives on many important issues. Thus one can hardly anticipate that there will be much dissension within the government itself in the near future. All the Cabinet Ministers should be well qualified for their positions as they are all experienced in the field of politics.

This is the fifth government to be formed under the leadership of premier Ólafur Thors. Premier Thors may be said to be one of the most colorful personalities in the Icelandic Parliament in this century. He is highly respected, both by his own party members and also by many of his strongest opponents.

A long time member of Parliament and a county judge, Guðmundur I. Guðmundsson, Minister of External Affairs, has won recognition for being a capable man.

In his early twenties, Bjarni Benediktsson, Minister of Justice, became

a professor of law at the University of Iceland. Even though Mr. Benediktsson had already acquired a merited reputation in academic scholarship he gave up his position as a professor of law to become the mayor of Reykjavík and a member of Parliament. He has been in the Legislature since 1942 and was Iceland's Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1948 when the country entered NATO.

Gunnar Thoroddsen, Minister of Finance, has had a career somewhat similar to that of Bjarni Benediktsson. As a young man he became a professor of law at the University of Iceland, but his interest in public affairs did not allow him to continue as an academic teacher. In 1934 he was first elected to Alþing and has since held a seat there with only one intermission. He has been the mayor of Reykjavík for many years. Mr. Thoroddsen is today recognized as one of the most pleasing personalities in the Icelandic Legislature, and has often been referred to as one of Iceland's greatest diplomats.

Dr. Gylfi Þ. Gíslason has been a member of Alþing since 1946. He is a professor of Economics at the University of Iceland as well as a Cabinet Minister.

Emil Jónsson, former Prime Minister of Iceland and now Minister of Fisheries and Social Affairs, was first elected to the Alþing in 1934 and is now the leader of the Social Democrats in Iceland.

Ingólfur Jónsson has been a member of the Legislature since 1942.

All the Cabinet Ministers, with the exception of Mr. Gunnar Thoroddsen, have been members of previous Cabinets.

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IN THE NEWS

SENIOR STICK AT UNITED COLLEGE



Joseph Edward Martin

Joseph Edward Martin, grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Johannes Einarson, (both deceased) of Calder, Saskatchewan, graduated from United College, Winnipeg, in Honors History in the spring of 1959. He won the Regents' Medal for the highest standing in the Fifth Year Honors course.

In 1958 Joseph was Senior Stick of the College.

★

RECEIVES MOST VALUABLE PLAYER AWARD

Hockey has long been a favorite sport of the Halldorson clan at Lundar, Manitoba, and now a junior member of the family circle has carried on the tradition with distinction at Edmonton, Alberta.



Robert W. Halldorson

Last April Robert W. Halldorson was awarded the Inglewood Juvenile Most Valuable Player Award and the Wyker Trophy in Edmonton's largest hockey loop, the Community League setup.

Robert is the son of Mr. and Mrs. William G. Halldorson, 13527 115th Avenue, Edmonton. Mr. Halldorson Senior originally hails from Lundar.

★

WORLD TRAVELLERS VISIT WINNIPEG

From Sumatra to Winnipeg was the subject of an illustrated talk given by **Fred Obermann** at the October meeting of the Icelandic Canadian Club in Winnipeg. Fred and his wife Alla have en route here visited Singapore, Athens, Rome, Vesuvius and most of Italy, Austria, Germany, Holland and Iceland. From there they flew to New



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York on their way to Winnipeg. They also visited Mozart, and Saskatoon in Saskatchewan.

Fred's father was a Dutchman, Johannes Obermann. While attending university in Scotland he met an Icelandic student, Laufey Fridriksdóttir, and married her. He was in the diplomatic service of Holland, and by promotion became governor of Sumatra. At high school age, Fred was sent to Winnipeg, where he got his early education at the Jon Bjarnason Academy. He is now in the employ of the Goodyear Tire Company in Sumatra.

His wife Alla, is the sister of Mrs. Halldor Stefanson of Winnipeg, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Fridrik Gudmundsson of Mozart, Sask.

From here they will go to Akron, Ohio, the home of the Goodyear Tire Company, then to San Francisco, where they will board a plane to Sumatra, thus completing an almost around-the world tour.

★

SVEINN ODDSSON PASSES AWAY

Sveinn Oddsson, printer and publisher, passed away on Sunday, November 30, in the Betel Home for the Aged.

Sveinn, who learned the printing trade in Iceland, was the publisher of The Wynyard Advance for twelve years, and for two years published an Icelandic monthly he called "Skuggsjá", The Mirror. He was a man who could clearly see the trend of events. Back in 1913, realizing that the conveyance of the morrow was the automobile and knowing that Iceland had no railways, he shipped the first automobile, a Ford, to Reykjavik. He, and those who joined him in that venture may be said to be the founders of the automobile business in Iceland. In merited recog-

nition of their pioneering they were invited to Iceland in the year 1958.

When the Icelandic Canadian was launched Sveinn Oddsson saw at once not only the possibilities but the definite need of such a publication. He gave active support to the magazine and in setting up the format for many years may be said to be the father of the attractive form in which the magazine has appeared.

★

FRANK THOROLFSON NAMED McMASTER UNIVERSITY DIRECTOR OF MUSIC

Frank Thorolfson, formerly of the Conservatory of Music, Regina College, University of Saskatchewan, this fall was appointed director of music at McMaster University, Hamilton, Ont.

Born in Winnipeg, Man., Mr. Thorolfson over the years has won diplomas from Toronto Conservatory of Music and Royal Schools of Music in London, England. He also studied at Chicago Music College, Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Thorolfson founded the Winnipeg Chamber Orchestra and Choir, and conducted the Regina Ladies' Choir.

★

MARY MELSTED WINS \$2,000 SCHOLARSHIP

A \$2,000 scholarship was awarded last summer to Miss Mary Melsted, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Magnus Melsted of Edinburgh, North Dakota. The award is for four years of college training. Miss Melsted will study to become a nurse and plans first to spend two years at Union College in Lincoln, Nebraska. This new health scholarship is awarded nationally to outstanding young Americans seeking careers in one of health fields including medicine, nursing, physical therapy and medical social work.

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RADIO STATION VE5AX

Radio Station VE5AX may not be as well known in Saskatchewan as stations at Regina or Saskatoon, but many ham radio operators all over the world could identify the call letters as originating from four miles south of Kandahar, Sask.

Ingi Eyolfson, a Kandahar district farmer, began his ham radio hobby four years ago and has developed it to the point where he contacts more than 40 stations per month during winters. He has talked with other operators in all but four of the 50 states in the United States of America and has received call cards from Ireland, England, Hawaii, New Zealand, the Soviet Union and other European countries. Highlight was his tracking of the Russian Sputnik on five orbits around the earth.

Reporting this to the International Geophysical Year Committee Mr. Eyolfson received a letter from the Soviet Union thanking him for the report.

Mr. Eyolfson said he has made many friends in nearly every city in Canada and the United States. Some of these he has met, while others send him pictures and correspond regularly.

But Mr. Eyolfson is not alone in this. Mrs. Eyolfson participates with him in this hobby and can send and receive up to ten words per minute.

★

NOTED AUTHOR PASSES AWAY

The achievements of a noted Canadian author well known to Icelanders, particularly in Manitoba, were recounted with the death from cancer in Montreal, Quebec, in November of **Mrs. Patricia Blondal** at the early age of 32. She was the wife of Harold Blondal, son of Mrs. Gudrun Blondal

and the late Dr. August Blondal, formerly of Lundar, Manitoba, and later Winnipeg.

Mrs. Blondal was born Patricia Jenkins at Souris, Manitoba, daughter of Nathaniel and Mrs. Jenkins. She was a graduate of the University of Manitoba. Among her best known works are "Strangers In Love", which appeared in serial form in *Chatelaine Magazine* and "A Candle To Light The Sun", published last spring by McClelland and Stewart, Toronto. She is survived by her husband and two children, her parents, and by two brothers and two sisters, all resident in British Columbia.

★

BILL STEINSON SINGS IN MY FAIR LADY

Bill Steinson, 30-year-old bass baritone, well known in Vancouver, B. C. musical circles, last summer was signed by the National Company of "My Fair Lady," then playing at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre, to sing in the chorus for the duration of the tour. Mr. Steinson, son of Dr. S. W. Steinson, principal of Teachers' College, Saskatoon, Sask., was born at Wynyard, Sask. and grew up in Yorkton and Saskatoon. He attended Saskatoon Normal School and was a teacher for three years in the city's primary schools.

Turning to music he studied at the University of Saskatchewan and then spent two years at Southern Methodist University in Dallas, Texas, U.S.A. While there he appeared at the opera festival at Aspen, Colorado, as the leading bass-baritone. Returning to Saskatoon he went into radio announcing, then in 1958 went to Vancouver to join the Theatre Under The Stars there.

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THREE TIMES A PIONEER

By Magnús Gudlaugson. Edited by Holmfridur Danielson

Second publishing recently completed in a mimeographed form, with heavy art paper cover, title, and picture of the author, printed by Wallingford Press Ltd. This book describes early pioneering in New Iceland, North Dakota, Winnipeg and the Peace River District. Price, post paid, \$2.50. Order from: Mr. M. G. Gudlaugson, 1127 Stayte St., White Rock, B.C., or from Mrs. H. F. Danielson, 869 Garfield St., Winnipeg 10, Canada.

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